

19 Promised!

Yorkshire: its landscape, resources & industries.

First visit 1865

Wrote at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd who sent me
a work (believed to be the 1st edition) on
"Facts and Industries of Great Britain" and
asked me to add to it. The result
was the "Industrial History of Great Britain"
and "The Industrial History of the
United Kingdom".

his course across the sky, until in the evening, he reaches the point just opposite to where his course began.

Then, slowly, he goes down, with the same splendour with which he rose; sometimes in a sky which looks like a sea of fire with cities & palaces & all beautiful forms rising out of it. After the last edge of the sun has disappeared below the earth, a clear soft light remains for a while, such as came before his rising in the morning: this is called twilight.

The sun rises in the east & sets in the west. By remembering this, you will be able to tell the direction in which the places near your own town, or, the streets of your own town, lie.

Stand so that your right hand - &c. &c.
Who

When people are journeying from place to place, it is important they should know if they are going southward or northward. In our own country, which is in north latitude, the further north we go, the colder it becomes, & the warmer part of England lies quite to the south. The railways on which we travel from place to place are called northern or eastern, or north-western, according to the direction in which they run. people

heaving swelling country ^{upland} ~~upland~~ it is every
breath is a delight. ^{1893 Dec 34} Lowell as pretty
ascribed in the works that the crowd appears a
great way into the wild ^{champagne} beyond, a sea
of yellow corn, with clumps of brown sheep
hoppers, islanded here & there, & rears at head
undulating meadows with tree-buttled knolls, - a
too vision to realize in, receding away towards
the setting sun. All this you see from my
favourite spot, but there is a wooded walk, and
lawn, which leads you to the top of a ridge, upon
that you see, not only to the west, but to the
east, the north, & the south, glorious country
on all sides, wooded down rolling corn
fields, lying under singing shadows & clear
light; & the grey house, mellowed by the weather
of three centuries, fits into the landscape from
her, its gabled roof & grey wall skirting hill
softly ^{softly} ~~soft~~ out of the verdure.

Then, what a kitchen-garden for a Sunday afternoon
walk! as the sprightly ladies tripping down
the broad green alley carpeted with soft ^{very} short
grass through the whole length of the garden, the
gentlemen not far off, ^{a chair in the back} ~~for the old ladies~~ ^{ladies} were
delighted after. The glass borders of today might
well have been there a hundred years ago, & a
they walk ~~and~~ & talk, on wood tables green ^{lawn}.
Flowers by the head ^{dozen}塞 into its ~~head~~ ^{lawn} head, &
idle fingers would 'pop' to buds of the pretty ^{lawn} ~~purple~~
fuchsia rich prunes ^{lawn} coquettishly out of doors here in
Sussex; Cherry-pie & mignonette sweeten the air, &
here

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Now they sheltered under the yew - most likely with
the 'Seven Sisters,' two of which still remain, rendered
a conflict with poverty severe enough to satisfy their
aspirations. After two years, Hugh, Dean of York, now
~~also~~ died amongst them, left them a fortune,
wherewith they began to build, calling their abbey
'Fontes' or 'ountains,' a fit name for this
Yorkshire Elfin, where six springs still rise
within its site. The building continued through
the 12th century ^{to 1300} reached its present ¹³⁰⁰ the vast
proportions indicated by the ruins at the same
time, wealth, in lands & stock, in the most
part, flowed in on the Cistercians, until, owing
to Whetstone, at the Dissolution, the lands of
Owntons extended "for an uninterrupted space
of more than 30 miles."

Brougham on the E. a dull little town, is
chiefly interesting as the scene of the closing events
in the career of that J. Thomas of Lancasters, of whom
we shall hear more in connection with Pontefract.
How the Earl of Warwick who had risen against
Edward II. was defeated by the royal troops. Warwick
was killed in the bridge; the Earl of Lancaster, after
entering a chapel which stood until quite recently
in the market-place, to utter the prayer, "Good Lord,
I render myself to Thee, & put me into thy mercy,"
was taken to his castle of Pontefract, & there beheaded.
Aldborough, lower down the river, is exceedingly interesting
as containing remains of the Roman Seurium,
probably as large & important a city as ~~as York~~
was ^{under the} Roman York. Now, tessellated & mosaic pavements
are on view in the cottages, & in the 'Museum
Seurium' in the foyers of the Dean's house. Now
is a valuable collection of the implements of daily
life in use in the ancient Roman city fifteen

fifteen centuries ago. Now as vessels of common use
knives, dice, spoons, pins made of bone, round
tickets of admission to places of amusement, &
several other remains of various kinds.

Inddordale.

The source of the Ridd don't lie so far back among
the western mountains as do those of the Aire &
the Wharfe. Its springs are in Great Whernside, the
most eastern of the mountains, in a region wild &
bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild plants grow
near bushes to swell its waters, & whenever a bend
falls into the main stream, are grown buildings
& a village in a jumbleman's place. Not far from
its source, the newborn river disappears, & nearly
dr. into a cavern called the Goolden Pot, whence
it emerges after a series of underground rooms.
Below Pateley Bridge is the most curious sight
of the Ridd valley, the celebrated Brimham Craggs.
The road rises gradually until it reaches the
bar more, 1000 feet high, over which the rocks are
scattered. They are crag of enormous size, & of
every odd shape, so close together, & so pointed
in shape grouping, that the whole strikes you as
a great jumble of playthings scattered on the nursery
floor of a giant, perhaps. The Rock, the Dam,
the Frog, the Fox of Bear, the Idol, the Rulphis, are among
the names given to these unnameable shapes. The great
Rocking-Clow, etc. are very curious, being masses
pointed on narrow bases so that it is easy to give
them a rocking motion. This extraordinary display
is not due to the Druids, nor to any forgotten
race of giants: it is simply the result of weathering.
The smaller part of the rock appears to have been broken
up.

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¶, she sees not one more white doe remained,
& stands gazing with great soft eyes into her
sorrowful face. Then, Sighing and sighing again,
the gentle creature comes to her feet & lays its
head upon her lap, clothed with white lace
into her eyes. "It is no cause," she cried, "my
pet of happier days," - with her arms more
around its neck she wept tears of gentle sorrow
than she had known yet.

And now, happier days begin to dawn on
this desolate master. The Doe quits
its mate of the forest - follows Emily in
her wandering, foot over hill & dale. Most often
the pair visit the grave of Francis; & on the
Sunday, while Emily goes into the church, the Doe
waits for her without ^{weeds} by the grassy side. And
the lady was often cheered by the white love of this
gentle friend, that she could bear again to dwell
among men, & find her home in one of the
narrow valleys ^{nearby} leading into Wensdale; where the
villagers ^{used to} know her as a kind & helpful friend
in times of trouble.

At last, the sorrowful lady dies, when gentle
Doe remains to mourn her. And still, ^{now} ~~now~~,
to relate, the Sabbath bells bring her, week after
week, to keep watch by the grave of Francis Norton,
as when she had come by its side, other instances.
With the congregation she comes, & with them
she goes again, & more resolute to lonely creatures.

"And right across the verdant wood
Towards the very house of God,
comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
comes gliding in serene and slow,
soft and silent - as a dream,
A solitary Doe!"

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his enemies would never hear. So he was carried to the village of Shapfield in Cumberland, & soon as the little fellow could walk made him a Shepherd quickly. Father carried him off with him to the lonely hills where the sheep were pastured.

He was born in the evil days of the Wars of the Roses. His father, Lord Clifford, of whom we shall have more to say shortly, was the red Rose of Lancaster, was a ^{valiant} soldier & warrior that his enemies the ~~enemies~~ gave him the ill name of "the Butcher". The bloody battle of Tewkesbury went against the Lancastrians; Clifford the King, Henry VI, & Margaret, his queen, were forced to fly. Clifford was slain; Edward of York came to the town, & against none of the foes of his house did he bear so bitter a hate as against ^{All of the name} the house of Clifford. Then, —

"Ah! it was a time godless
When the fatherless was born —
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her import-ble!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the mother & the child.
Who will take them from the light?
— Yonder is a man in sight —
Yonder is a house — but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, & to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she goeth;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Reay in ghostly agonies."

The mother was Lord Clifford's desolate & hunted widow, & the child was he who came to be known as the Shepherd Lord. For his mother found